

## A FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

**A Letter Pleases the Farmer—What One Gardener Don't Know—Flower Growing in Agriculture—Contrary Results of Seasonable Experiments—Combinations of Fertilizer—The Whipple Corn Leads the Famous Evergreen—A Word About Asparagus.**

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

I've been chucking for a week over a letter from a friend who has a big garden of his own, which he has run successfully for thirteen years. But this year he has "up against it." His specialty is in flowers—mostly bulbous—and he reports practical failure with them. The very crab-apples have found the season too tough for them. "I don't know," he confesses, "the only thing I've learned is to take results as they come without fuss or fretting."

If he has really got to that height of self-control, he has learned what is, on the whole, the most valuable lesson practical farming can teach. I fancy I know his honest in saying it, and I hope he is equally correct. How I wish some of my neighbors could learn that same lesson! How I wish I could pass perfect such examination along that line! But I'm a "poor, weak critic" myself, and I sometimes catch myself fretting and fussing, and I know I'm not alone. I can't see anything in it to repent of. And I do think I'm one grain ahead of that class.

By the way, when I mentioned that this friend's chief interest was in flower-raising, perhaps some of you sneered at the idea of calling such an occupation agriculture. Well, sneer if you want to, but you'd show more wisdom if you did not. Two years ago I netted \$7 from two rows of gladioli, occupying a bit of garden six feet wide by one hundred feet long. That's at the rate of about \$72 an acre. I don't profit, after all expenses were paid. Which would be at the rate of about \$1,300 a year profit from a hundred acres. Any farmer in eastern Connecticut who is making a bigger profit than that, per hundred acres, from what he calls farming, has things to learn from me. I don't know of any farmer who has made a profit from a hundred acres, per hundred acres, from what he calls farming. I don't know of any farmer who has made a profit from a hundred acres, per hundred acres, from what he calls farming. I don't know of any farmer who has made a profit from a hundred acres, per hundred acres, from what he calls farming.

But the one phrase in my friend's letter which keeps me chuckling is that "I don't know what I know about farming." You bet he doesn't. Nor does anybody else. If a man were as wise as Solomon, and as rich as Samson, and as rich as Croesus, and as rich as Methusalem, I suspect he might, along toward his nine hundredth year, begin to get a notion about a few primary school lessons in farming. But even such a man, I think, would be mighty shy in bragging about his knowledge. He'd find the ocean of his ignorance so much vaster than the beach-line of his knowledge that he would be the first to kneel before that Immense Unknown and humbly pray to the Infinite Wisdom: "Lord, be merciful to me, a fool!"

I'm not a Solomon, mentally, nor a Samson, physically. But all my life I've striven to find the causes of things. I've always wanted to know the "why" of everything that happened to me or my work. The result is that I've cracked my thick skull so many times against so many unscalable cliffs of mystery that I'm beginning to wonder what the use of brains, anyway. I've reached that place where I'm ready to go to school to a woodchuck or a whip-poor-will—more about one thing than I do. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Leave heaven out of that, and there are more things in earth and air and water than a Mohammedan could dream of in a century. And he once dreamed seven years of busy life while the water in an overturned pitcher was running out.

Every year that I work in farm or garden I come up, bump, against some new barricade. Then rises the question: how to get over it, or under it, or around it. Every season confronts me with some new enigma, which I must solve or suffer. Let it be frankly admitted, right here and now, that I generally suffer, and seldom solve. One season the trouble may be comparatively harmless, and another it may be as vicious as Satan's plague disaster on disaster. I'm like my correspondent; the longer I live the more I get the idea of what I don't know, and the more I realize the catalogue of what I once thought I knew. I still cling to the belief that hens' eggs will sometimes hatch into chickens. But, if one should never hatch out a bean-stalk or a barrel of flour while I should be surprised, I should take it philosophically and say: "Well, that's another on me; what next, I wonder?" I've had things happen almost as absurdly impossible as that according to the "laws" laid down by the scientific gentlemen. This present season has, certainly, been a freak in more ways than one. Weeks of soaking downpour have been

succeeded by weeks of parching, and these by weeks of violently fluctuating temperature. During the last month we've had, here, days of parboiling heat, with the mercury sizzling around 90 degrees in the shade, and days the same week which were so cool I had to wear my sweater to keep from sweating. This August that we've had three nights so stiflingly hot that sleep was impossible, outside the ice box and a dozen or fifteen nights so cold that thick quilts were in demand. Three mornings running, the first week in September, my thermometer stood at 35 degrees, and my corn and beans and cucumbers and squashes and peppers and tomatoes have come so near freezing to death that they've stopped growing. It's all they can do to keep alive, to say nothing of fruiting. Yet, as I told you, some weeks ago, I find a few crops, five in all, coming better than they ever did before with me. What's the cause of the goose is not sauce for the gander, evidently.

My truck patch is mostly loamy, shading off in some places into a more gravelly soil. I've been growing a lot of others and my own observation led me to believe that, in these gravelly portions, at least, nitrogen was lacking. I have supplied to them, in a measure, by plowing under all the humus-making material I could. This season I determined to try a commercial fertilizer, high in nitrogen content, and well up in phosphorus and potash, as well, all in the most soluble and quick-acting forms. It cost me for fertilizer, hauling and applying about \$50 a ton. Well, I've tried it in all sorts of ways and all sorts of combinations.

In connection with four tons of rotted stable manure I used four hundred pounds of fertilizer on an acre of asparagus. That's at the rate of twenty tons of manure and one ton of fertilizer to the acre. And I've had the biggest and best asparagus ever had or ever saw. I put it, at the same rate and with the same proportion of stable manure, on my onion bed, and the onions began to rust and had to be pulled before they were three-quarters grown. I put the fertilizer at the rate of one ton to the acre, and my carrot and beet bed, and my potato bed, and my corn patch. Similar treatment of my melon patch has resulted in practical failure. For early potatoes I used the fertilizer alone, at the rate of a thousand pounds to the acre. Result, the poorest yield I've had of yet. For corn, I used four hundred pounds to the acre on one patch, fertilizer alone. It was the very worst corn I ever saw. Stunted growth, imperfect ears, niggard yield. Another patch with stable manure plowed under and then manure in the hill, no fertilizer, is a good average crop to stand, but just three weeks later than the average. One patch of tomatoes, treated with a heavy application of cow manure at each plant and three times repeated doses of fertilizer, stood in between the rows, has given me a very poor yield of fruit, about two weeks late. Another patch, given a single application of fertilizer at setting time, shows vines fairly loaded with green fruit, but at least four weeks late. Now, can you "make head or tail" of that sort of thing? I can't. The only certainty I have is that I do not know several things I thought I did know. That tends to humility, but hardly to financial profit.

By the way, speaking of corn, the one variety which has, on the whole, done the best with me, this un-ordinary season, is the "Whipple," weighted right in Norwich. It has shown the most vitality in withstanding unfavorable conditions, has developed big ears of first class quality, comparatively early, and certainly seems to me the most promising of any new variety I've tried in ten years. It has come on, with me, a little later than Cory or Golden Bantam, but earlier than any other mid-season variety as sweet as Evergreen, which it has beaten by more than two weeks, on even terms of planting and care. On a little, late-planted patch half "Whipple" and half Evergreen, both planted in three foot rows, one foot apart in the row, solely with the idea of raising "fodder," the "Whipple" is now bearing fine roasting ears, while the Evergreen is not yet even showing silk.

Just one other word about asparagus: I don't know in this season, that the sour spring weather had hurt it badly, and it was hardly half a crop. This was exactly true, at the time, but even while I was writing that, the weather was changing and the later cuttings turned out something phenomenal. Since cutting, the growth of greenery produced since cutting was stopped, had been a night. I have one stalk which measures nearly ten feet in height, and another which is three and seven-eighths inches around at the ground. We consider that some asparagus!

THE FARMER.

## LETTERS FROM TWO STATES.

### WINDHAM COUNTY.

#### WEST WOODSTOCK

Teachers Begin Year's Work—Driving Accident.

Miss Clara Myers is teaching in West Ashford.

Mrs. Hugh Graham, formerly Miss Mary Myers, has resumed her school in Union.

Mr. and Mrs. Moriarty and Mr. and Mrs. Garfield were guests Sunday at Gustav Anderson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Bates of East Woodstock are visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. Perrin.

Mrs. Ellen Allen of Somerville, Mass., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Starr, and calling on many friends in town. She was formerly a resident of and teacher in Woodstock Valley and Eastford.

Mistook the Path.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Bates and grandson, Earle Perrin on Sunday evening were driving out of the Baptist church yard after the service, when Mr. Bates mistook the path and one wheel went off a two foot bank, throwing them all out. Mrs. Bates was injured about the right shoulder and arm. Mr. Bates was somewhat bruised and had several fingers sprained.

School closed Tuesday and Wednesday for the Woodstock fair.

Mrs. Lyman Armstrong remains in about the same feeble condition.

New London.—Miss Alice P. Crocker of this city and Sherman B. Hamlin of Plum Island, N. Y., were married by the Rev. J. B. Brown on Wednesday evening.

### TOLLAND COUNTY.

#### COLUMBIA

Special Town Meeting Satisfied With Conditions Imposed by Donor of the Town Hall—Death of Charles H. Clark.

A special town meeting was held on Saturday afternoon. Two years ago Mrs. Mary E. Yeomans gave the town a trust fund of \$1,000 for the perpetual care and maintenance of the town building. As some citizens did not like the conditions under which the gift was made and accepted, Mrs. Yeomans had this special meeting called in order that they might discuss the matter and reach a decision.

Three and seven-eighths inches around at the ground. We consider that some asparagus!

Property Sold.

Forbes Brothers have sold their farm property, known as the Horace B. Prink place, located in West Windham district on the Hebron road, to New York purchasers.

Charles H. Clark's Death.

News of the death of Charles H. Clark of this place, who was recently taken to the Norwich hospital for the insane, was received last Monday.

Funeral Service of Mrs. Gilbert Ide.

The funeral of Mrs. Gilbert Ide was held at her home Sunday. Rev. Mr. Gardner preached taking for his text

Clark was 51 years of age and had spent most of his life in Columbia. He was a resident of this place for many years, and for a period was a resident of Niantic, where he had charge of the Spiritualist camp grounds. His wife survives him. His body was brought here for burial in the Columbia cemetery.

In General.

William P. Johnson is serving as juror from this place at the September term of the superior court at Rockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Holt of Rockville are spending their vacation in Columbia. They are boarding at Mrs. Mitchell's.

There was a ball game last Saturday. A nine composed of members of the local lodge of A. O. U. W. and a nine made up of local outside men were lined up against each other. As some of the players on both sides had not struck at a ball for years the play at times was amusing as well as exciting.

The A. O. U. W. was by a score of 14 to 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tuttle and Miss Tuttle of Hartford are spending a few days with Mr. Sarah White.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester P. Bobbitt of Lexington, Mass., were at Addison Kingsbury's for a brief visit this week.

Nineteen pupils from South Coventry are attending the Windham High school at Windham this fall.

Miss Martha Starr of Hartford is a guest at Mrs. John Payne's.

Some of those attending the state fair at Berlin are Prof. and Mrs. L. A. Clinton, Dr. H. K. Haskins, E. D. Edmond, Miss A. T. Thomas, Prof. and Mrs. John Trueman and Harry L. Garrison.

Since the reopening of the district school, of which she is teacher, Miss Annie Buchanan of Mansfield Center is at Storrs again.

After eight years of service Charles N. Penn left the college on September 15. He takes with him the good wishes of everyone who knew him.

Mr. and Mrs. Penn will spend a few weeks on the Providence river and then go to Colebrook, N. H.

Dr. Charles Thom is in New York state for a few days.

Miss Jenkins Speaks.

The morning church service Sunday was better attended, as more people are at home. Mrs. Norton Fisher, organist and the choir consisted of Messrs. Botsford, Schofield and Forbush.

Besides the ordinary service Miss Mabel Jenkins, who once lived in South Coventry, spoke on the needs of Thorby Institute, a school of high grade, in the central part of Alabama. A part of the contribution was given for the work she represented.

One cottage is having several rooms painted and varnished ready for occupancy. It is expected to be crowded during the coming term.

Mansfield grange, No. 44, will hold a meeting on Monday evening, September 20, at the home of the master, C. A. Wheeler.

Edmund C. Little of St. Louis is making a short stay with Mr. L. D. Edmond.

MASHAPAGUS

Body of Unknown Man Found in a Woodlot.

A large number attended the Sturbridge fair Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hall of Boston are passing a few days at Ferry's hotel. Mr. Hall is familiar with old Lake Mashapagus, having spent many days here when a boy.

Teamsters Find Body.

The body of a man was found last week Wednesday about one mile northeast of this place a few yards over the line into Massachusetts. Walter Heck, Nelson Mosher and Henry Galpin, teamsters in the employ of A. D. Carnell made the gruesome find.

They were coming out of a wood lot and when near the main road saw something in the middle of an open field. They found it was a man's body in an advanced stage of decomposition. An old sweater was the only clothing on the body. The people around Mashapagus are of the belief that the body was that of a Polish man who worked cutting wood off the Butterworth lot last spring, this being the lot where the body was found. The head lay about fifteen inches away from the body. It is not known whether the man was murdered or whether the head had rotted off.

There is a firebug in town. Within the past month two large barns have been burned to the ground. Both times the fires were set about midnight.

WILLINGTON

Rev. Sherrod Soule, superintendent of the Missionary Society of Connecticut will be at the Congregational church next Sunday morning. He is a son of Rev. George Soule, who was born in this town in 1823. His grandfather was Heza Soule, who was often spoken of by the old people as having made passing visits to the old land marks from time to time.

Rev. Mr. Darrow's text Sunday afternoon was Colossians 1st 13th, the topic being the translation of the sinner into the Kingdom of Christ. There was a good attendance. At the close a short business session was held at which the business transacted by the church at South Willington at the morning service was approved.

Miss Alice M. Preston is in Hartford for a short visit with Major E. V. Preston and family and other friends. Miss Evelyn Preston and Miss Grace Hill came in for her with John R. Hill's automobile.

All are much grieved at the news of the death of Mrs. George Nichols. Mrs. Gardner attended the Judge L. D. Phelps birthday dinner at the Starford Springs house last week. She returned to Rockville by trolley with the party and her son, D. R. Gardner accompanied her home next day.

Miss Florence Pierce has returned to her home in Providence, R. I. Mrs. Pierce remaining for a longer visit.

STAFFORDVILLE

Death of Infant Son—Personal Items.

The son born to Mr. and Mrs. James Putnam last Tuesday night lived only a short time.

Miss Bertha Belcher has entered the Stafford Springs high school.

Mrs. Fred Bowden and daughter, Miss Isabelle, are guests of friends in Worcester and Boston.

Ernest Belcher is expecting to spend the winter with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, in South Coventry, and go to school.

EAST WILLINGTON

Funeral Service of Mrs. Gilbert Ide.

The funeral of Mrs. Gilbert Ide was held at her home Sunday. Rev. Mr. Gardner preached taking for his text

visiting relatives and friends in New Haven.

William Strong of East Windsor Hill spent Sunday in town.

TURNERVILLE.

Company Store to Be Remodeled—No Money in Summer Hotel.

W. C. Taylor of South Coventry spent the week end with his daughter, Mrs. D. F. Jacob.

Lewis Rathbone has been entertaining his nephew, Clayton Hilliard, of Hartford, who attended the Willimantic fair Wednesday.

It is reported that the company's store is to be painted and remodeled. A full stock will be carried. The postoffice will remain in the building.

A. Schulbaum, proprietor of the Pleasant View hotel, has returned to New York, having failed to make his fortune on boarders this summer.

Mr. Myers with his daughter Clara of West Woodstock visited his daughter, Mrs. H. Graham at the parsonage the first of the week.

STAFFORD.

Miss Lucy Matthews returned to Hartford Sunday.

Rev. H. A. Henry has been in New Haven attending the state convention of Universalists.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pinney are taking an automobile trip to Maine.

Frederic B. Grant will speak at the no-license rally at the Baptist church Sunday at 5 o'clock p. m.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, R. I.

ESCOHEAG

Change in Teachers—Barber-Sweet Marriage in New Jersey.

Joseph Girard has moved his mill to Woodville, R. I.

Seigel Burdick and Ellery Barber are working at Girard's mill.

Mrs. R. Barber spent Tuesday in Westerly.

George A. Smith has returned from a two month's stay on Block Island.

John Perkins will not teach the Hornbeam school this term on account of his health. Miss Bogman is the new teacher. Her home is Noose-neck Hill.

Mrs. E. S. Hawes has closed her cottage here for the season.

Barber-Sweet Marriage.

Ellery Barber, son of the late Albert Barber, and Miss Emma Sweet, daughter of William and Lavinia Sweet, both of this place, were united in marriage in New Jersey on Friday, Sept. 10.

Edward Gardner and family are at Kingston fair today.

Miss Madeline Field leaves here for an indefinite stay in Providence.

Mrs. Sarah Perkins, who has been very ill, is improving.

Mrs. Francis Main has gone to Kingston for a week's stay and will attend the fair.

WEEKAPAGU.

W. C. T. U. Meeting—Inn Ends Successful Season—Coin of 1720 Found.

The Ocean View W. C. T. U. is to meet at the home of its president, Mrs. G. T. Collins, next Wednesday afternoon, September 22. Topic, The Duty of Delegates.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Colladay, who, with his family, has been occupying the Bungalow for the past six weeks, returned to Middletown Tuesday.

Mrs. Morris and family returned to their home in Philadelphia Friday after a summer spent at Eastcoast, one of the Gladwin cottages.

Inn Closes Season.

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Mr. and Mrs. John C. Lewis of Apollonia, R. I., visited the old home-wood Saturday and Sunday.

The highway is being macadamized by Willis A. Carr's, Noose Neck hill, south to the Ten Rod road in Exeter, R. I., a distance of three miles. The work is being done by the Bristol Contractors.

The funeral services of Mrs. Simon Jordan, a former resident of this place but late of Noose Neck hill, were held

at Wood River church Saturday. She was 59 years of age. Burial was in the cemetery at Wood River.

Mrs. Jona Barber Reynolds, whose death occurred Friday the 10th, was born in Richmond, R. I., in 1824, the daughter of Edward Barber of Exeter. She married Barber Reynolds of Exeter in 1846. The funeral services were held at her residence, on Sunday the 12th. Rev. E. A. Bowen officiated. Burial was in Pine Grove cemetery, Hope Valley.

HOPKINTON

Small Cranberry Crop This Season.

Miss Essie F. Kenyon is teaching in a Connecticut school near Stonington.

Harold M. Lewis and the children of Walter P. Brightman are attending school at Ashaway.

Dry weather and early frosts have reduced the local cranberry crop to a minimum.

Rev. E. Mathewson returned home Saturday from a short visit at Warrenton, Ore.

The local school is not yet open on account of the difficulty in securing a teacher holding a Rhode Island state certificate.

The county fair will have the usual number of attendants from this place.

DISHONEST MILKMEN

Have Their Licenses Revoked by Derby Milk Inspector.

Milk Inspector Frank A. Eimes of Derby revoked the licenses to peddle milk in Derby held by Christopher F. O'Connell and John J. O'Connell, both of Derby, who were caught selling milk from their cows.

YACHT, DAUNTLESS

Now a Houseboat—Used at Essex During Rail Shooting.

The old yacht Dauntless, famous for its race across the ocean with the Coronet, and as the flagship of the late Commodore Caldwell, is being used as a houseboat by the Essex Club.

The yacht's hull above waterline has been given a coat of conventional black; the living quarters built above the main deck have been painted, varnished and renovated, and the deck scraped and cleaned.

The captain and his wife live below decks, in the quarters fitted up so nicely by Commodore Caldwell, while the club members are aboard. Mrs. Welch does the cooking and knows how to prepare game and sea food in a master's way. The yacht is a real city on wheels, just suits the city men. They bring their own butler, who serves them at the table. Running water has been piped aboard the yacht and the craft has all the bath and toilet accessories of a modern house—bathroom, etc.

Leaves New Britain.

Prof. J. A. Lundgren, who has been teaching the Swedish Lutheran summer school in New Britain, has left for his home in Kane, Pa. He has received a call to the pastorate of the Swedish Lutheran church at Bohuslensky, N. Y.

Derby until they are given another license or until the ones taken away from them are replaced. It is stated that the license has been taken away from the men who were caught selling milk from their cows.

These are the first licenses that have been revoked since the milk ordinance was passed and the inspection was begun. Samples of milk have been taken from these dealers three times, and the tests have shown each time that the milk was not in fit condition to be sold. After the first test the men were warned that the milk must be improved or they would not be permitted to sell in Derby. The trouble was the large number of bacteria per centimeter shown by the tests. It has been stated that milk containing 50,000 bacteria per centimeter is considered bad. Milk containing less is unsalable, but above that figure is considered impure. Some milk sold here is so well cared for that less than 5,000 bacteria have been found per centimeter. Some has been so badly kept that the number of bacteria per centimeter has run into the millions. Whole's and Worrick's belonged to the latter class.

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